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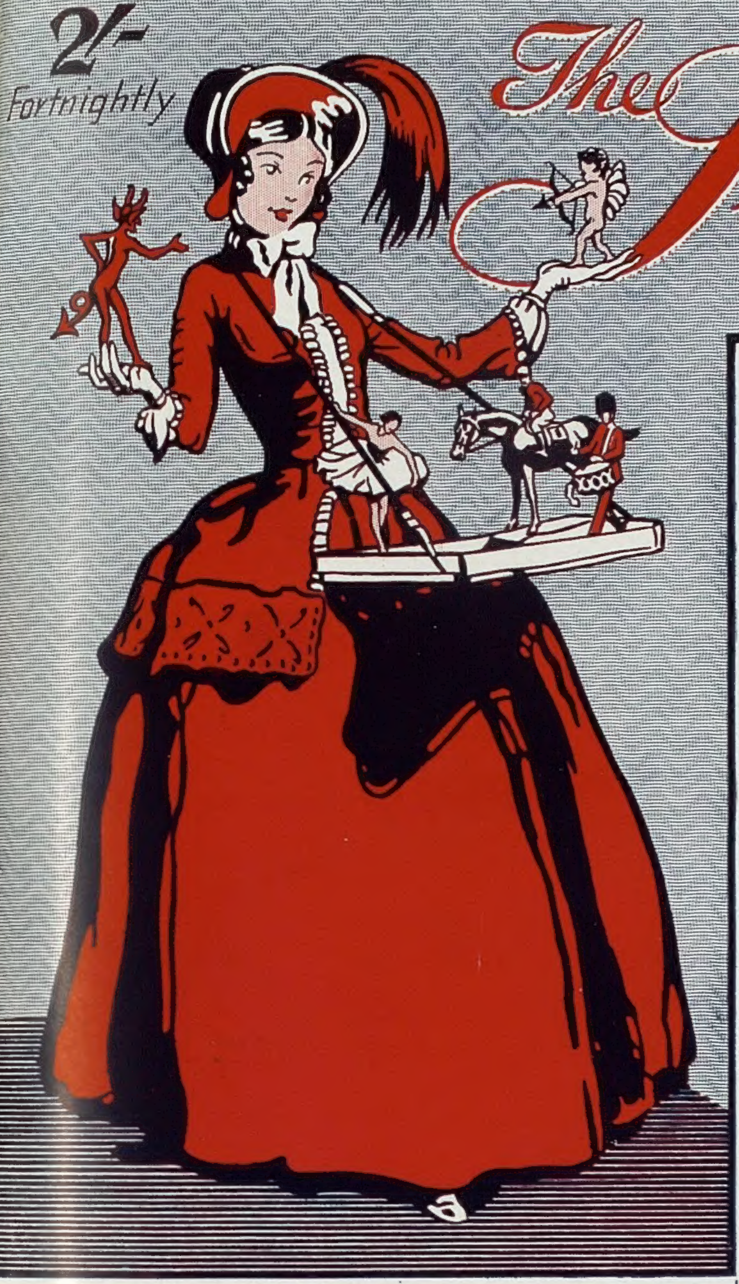
The Sketch



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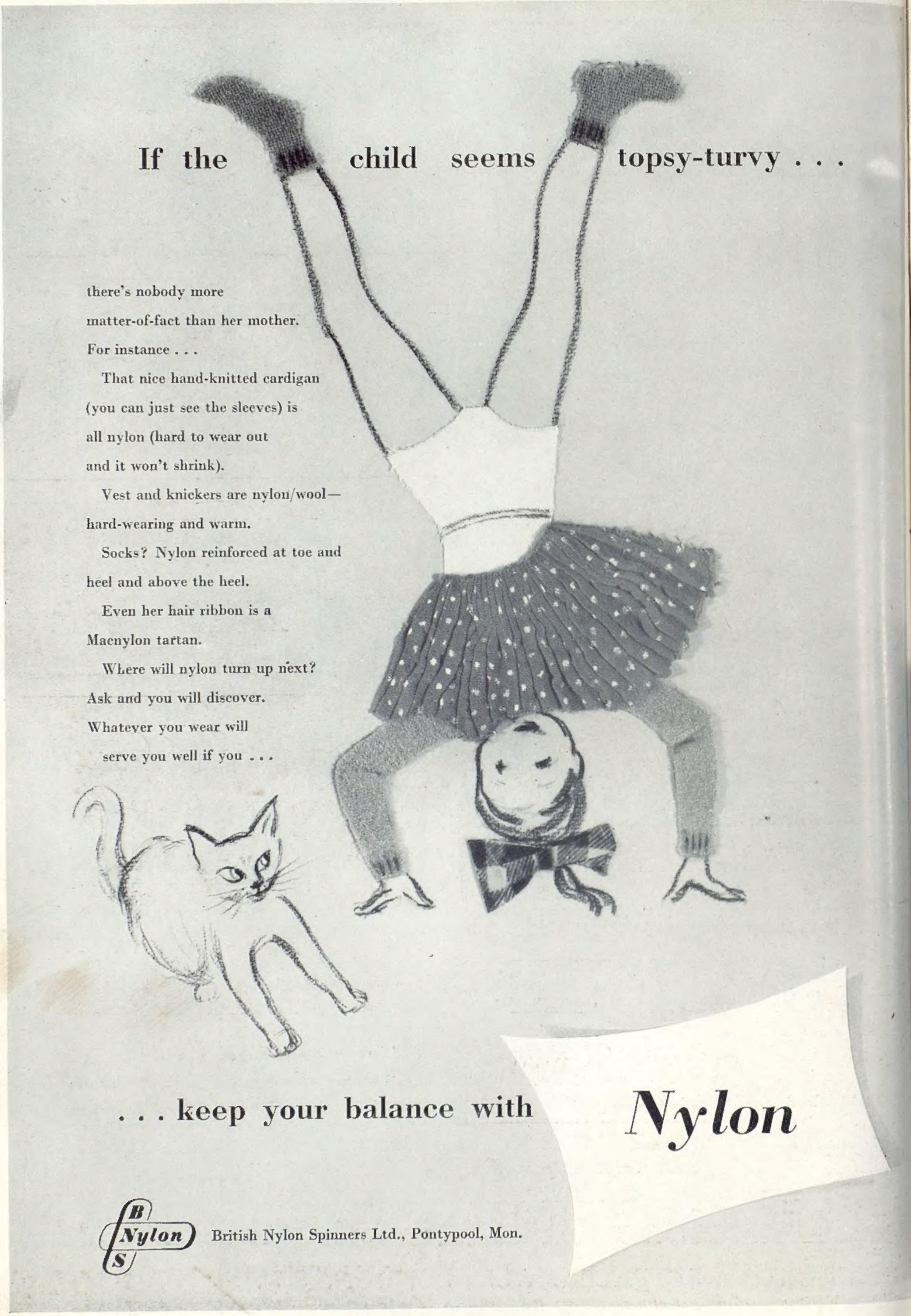
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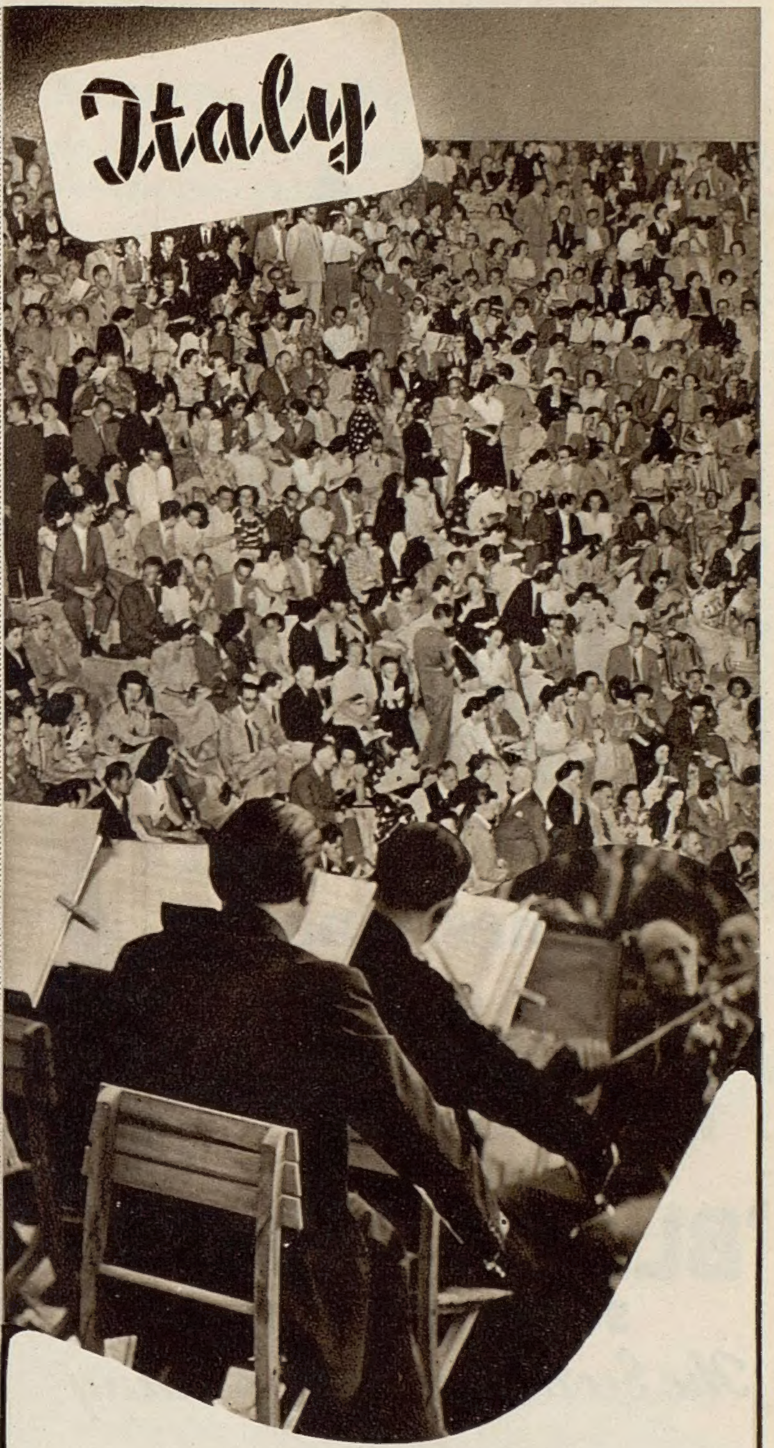

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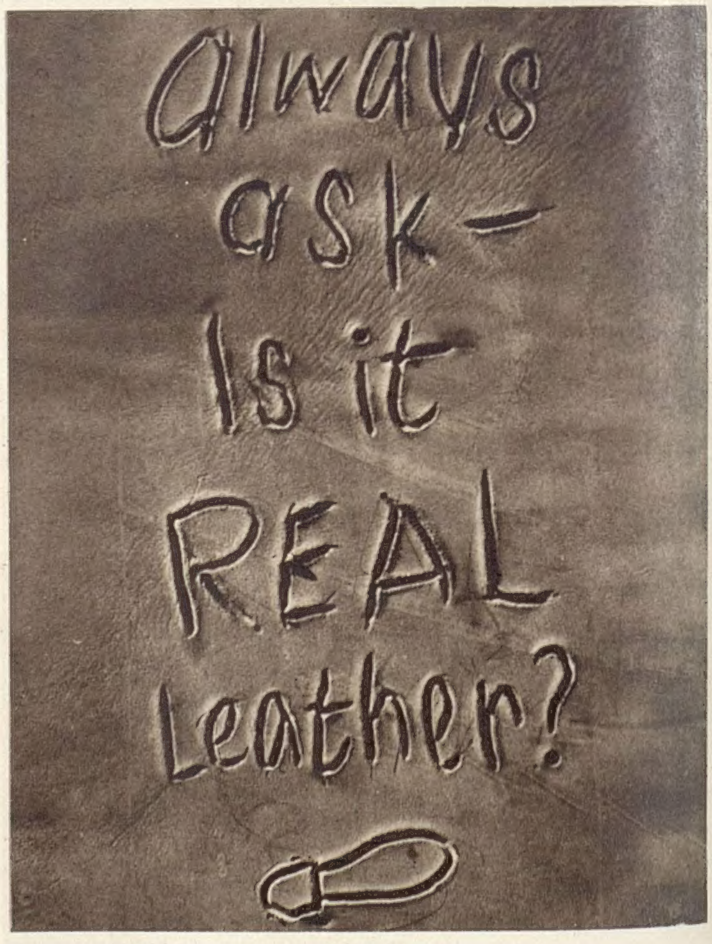

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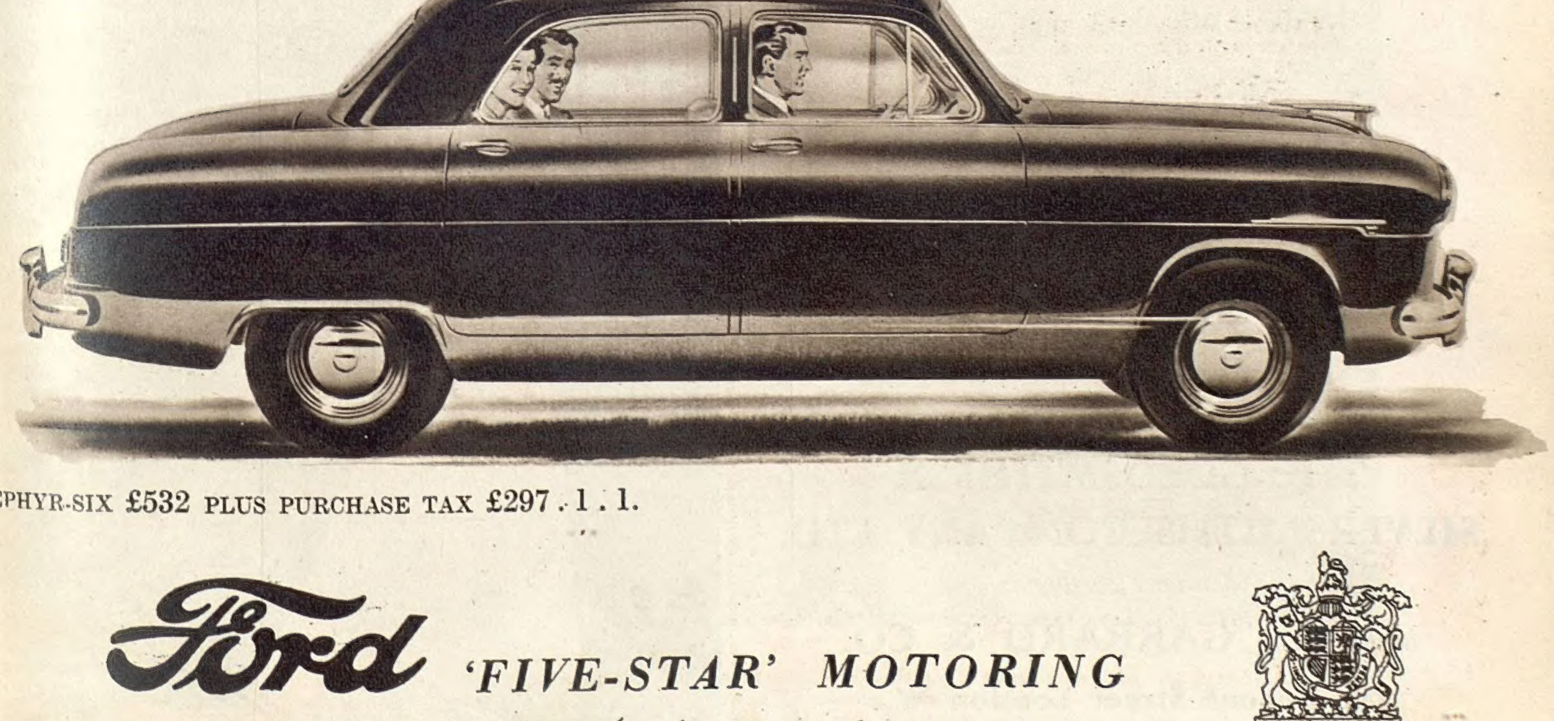

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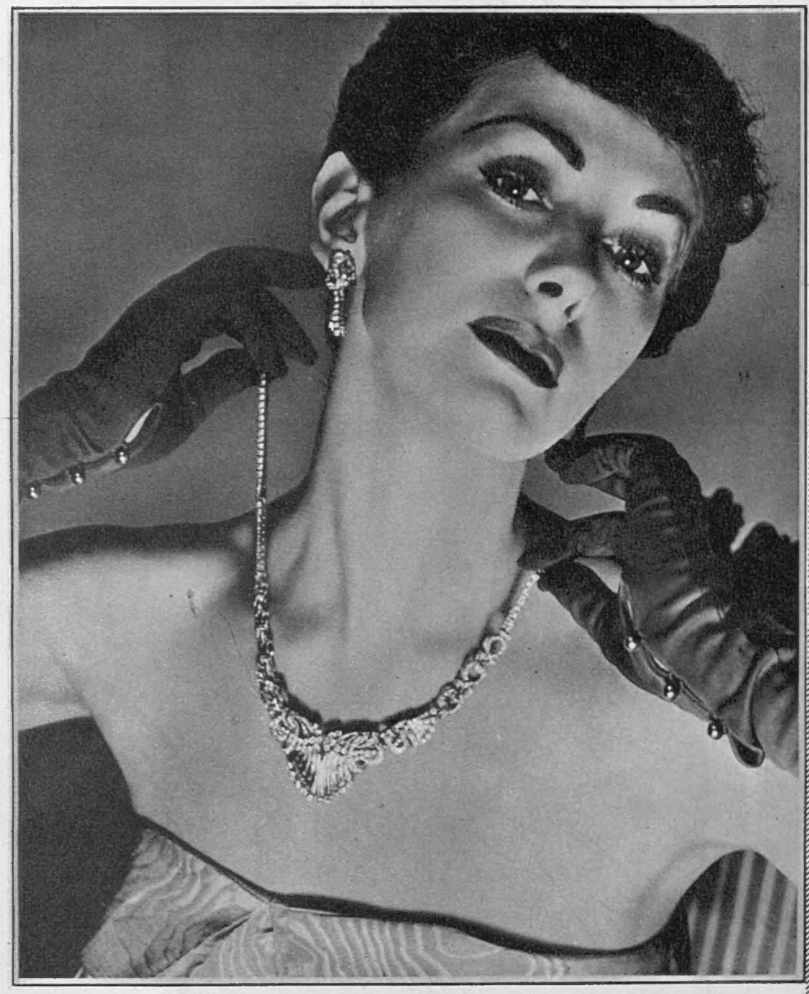

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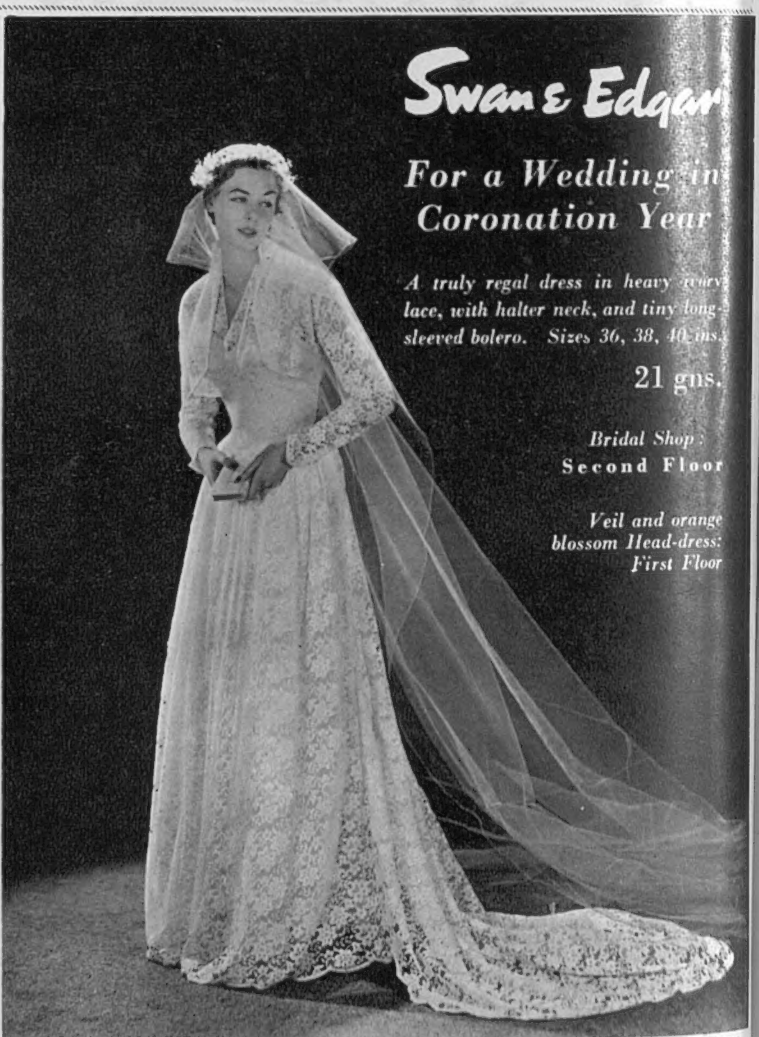

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1953

Photographed by Hay Wrightson.

THE PASSING OF A GRACIOUS LADY

It was with a sense of irreplaceable loss that the nation learned of the passing of her Majesty Queen Mary, grandmother of the present Queen, at the age of eighty-five, on March 24th. Beloved of us all, she was the very embodiment of the stately Throne of England, the steadfast upholder of the dignity of the English Crown, and yet withal she epitomised the more homely tradition of the happy family circle. We recall, with loving memory, those friendly Christmas Day references to his wife by King George V.; we recall the toque Queen Mary always wore because King George liked to see his wife's hair; we recall her devotion to her husband throughout his long illness. It was qualities like these that endeared Queen Mary to us all.

FOUR ROYAL LADIES

On October 21st, 1950, Queen Mary attended the christening of her second great-grandchild at Buckingham Palace. Four generations of Royal ladies assembled for this picture, which shows the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, holding Princess Anne, while the Queen Mother and Queen Mary look on.

Off with the Motley

By Toby O'Brien

THE death of Queen Mary, though expected, nevertheless conveyed a sense of shock. For the vast majority of the people of this country, there has never been a time that they could remember when she was not an essential part of the English, and the Royal, scene. The published photographs covering the many events of her life alone convey this, and also serve to stress the vast gulf which separated the world of Princess May of Teck from that of an aged and beloved Royal great-grandmother.

In the many tributes which have been paid to that lovely and gracious old lady, such phrases as " she was born into a world which has completely vanished " keep cropping up. It is difficult for a younger generation to realise quite how different that world was. In the circles in which Queen Mary moved as a young girl, it was much more cosmopolitan. Take her parentage. Her father, the Duke of Teck, was an Austrian. Her paternal grandfather was a Wurtemburger, and her grandmother a Hungarian. Her father started his military career as an officer in the 7th Imperial Hussars in Vienna—and ended it as a major-general in the British Army.

Tuscany—which Queen Mary knew well as a girl (her Italian, I have always been told, was beautiful and polished)—had been an Austrian Grand Duchy only a few years before she was born. It was a world in which Imperial Highnesses, and Serene Highnesses, Margraves and Electoral Princes were all related, all knew each other, and conversed impartially, as did Queen Mary, in German, French, English or Italian, as the spirit moved them.

It was a world where, in the event of a war, members of great families, such as the Radziwills, fought on different sides, having estates in at least three countries.

It was a dignified world, a gracious world, but not one in which (if you belonged to a Royal family) it was a good thing to be poor. And Queen Mary as a young woman was very poor indeed. It was not possible then for a member of a Royal House, who was unendowed with the world's goods, to become a mechanic in Ford's or a director of a West End wine merchants. Perhaps it was, however, her early poverty which was one of the secrets of why Queen Mary came to be so universally beloved. It gave her a greater insight into the difficulties and little worries of the ordinary man and woman than she might otherwise have had.

In her long life she had walked much with grief, but it was not part of the code of her class and generation to reveal it. There was a Roman quality about Queen Mary which, softened by her kindness of heart, her thoughtfulness and her generosity, accounted for her greatness. She was instinct with courtesy—the true courtesy which is not to be confused with good manners, for the fact that it comes from the heart. In his youth, and hers, Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote :

Of courtesy it is much less
Than courage of heart or holiness,
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the grace of God is in courtesy.

Queen Mary, as it happened, combined all three qualities, and we shall not look upon her like again.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS

This charming picture of Queen Mary, whose love of flowers was widely known, was taken during a visit to the botanical gardens at Kew. Among her greatest pleasures were her frequent afternoon drives round the parks, and she took particular delight in driving in Hyde Park and Richmond Park in early spring when the crocuses were out. The fine show of rhododendrons at Dulwich always attracted her, and for more years than the oldest park-keeper there can remember, she drove down from Marlborough House several times a year. Latterly, Queen Mary contented herself with driving two or three times right round the park, but when she was more agile, she liked to walk by the lakeside and chat to the nursemaids and the little boys sailing their boats.

His Excellency at work in his main study in the Embassy offices in Sloane Street. The books on the shelf beside him were all written by Dr. Ulrich himself, a former Professor of Political Economy at Coimbra University, Director of the Bank of Portugal and industrialist of distinction.

With a background formed by one of the many beautiful tapestries in a drawing-room of the Embassy, Their Excellencies pose together for our photographer

The Ambassador, popular alike with his personal and his diplomatic colleagues, receives a sealed document from Second Secretary Senhor Antonio Potier, one of the senior staff.

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

6.—DR. RUY ENNES ULRICH

(Ambassador from Portugal)

SCHOLAR, raconteur and diplomatist is H.E. Dr. Ruy Ennes Ulrich, Ambassador from Portugal since 1950. The Ambassador, who is always meticulously correct about his appearance, is refreshingly direct and candid, and as he speaks it is difficult to credit that in less than a fortnight he will be seventy.

Prior to becoming a senior diplomatist of international repute, the Envoy was a Professor of Political Economy, and is the author of a dozen standard works on the subject—one of the themes he emphasises is the interesting and curious fact, that despite the anti-Catholic agitation in this country in 1688, the alliance with Portugal dating from 1373 (and only slightly revised since) has remained firm to this day.

In 1907 Dr. Ulrich became a professor in the university he knew as a student, Coimbra, and a few years later he was elected Director of the Bank of Portugal, a post he held till 1929. Subsequently he headed the Mozambique Company and the Portuguese Railway Company until his dispatch to London, as Ambassador in 1933.

But inside two years there was drama—and resignation. The Ambassador sent an invitation to the Pretender to the Throne of Portugal—a Republic since 1910. Don Duarte had a meal at the Embassy in Belgrave Square. The envoy went home. Today Don Duarte is freely received in Portuguese diplomatic missions, and is allowed to reside in Portugal.

Dr. Ulrich returned to Portugal and re-entered academic life till 1950, when he was again requested to assume the Embassy in London—a deserved distinction.

Dr. Ulrich is a member of the Academy of Science and a former member of the Second Chamber of Portugal, and until recently, when the Foreign Deputies left Belgrave Square for Paris, he took an active part in this busy international defence organisation. Deputies listened to his sharp, witty asides; and none would accuse him of any patience with Communism—though they noted that, while Portugal has no envoy in Belgrade and Tito has no diplomatic representative in Lisbon, he shook hands with the visiting President.

Week-ends? "The best rest is to stay quietly at home, instead of rushing about," he says plainly. Music? "Rather Brahms than Beethoven." Art? "I hate the abstract stuff."

Standing graciously by his side throughout a memorable career, is the celebrated novelist, critic and playwright, "Vera de Lima," his wife, who risked her life during the West's darkest hours in the Second World War by consenting to make a recorded speech for the B.B.C. in neutral Lisbon, while Dr. Ulrich occupied a leading position in the shipping world. She said Britain would ultimately triumph. Next day her husband was warned that the next ship from his company would be sunk!

Her Excellency in the library; she wants "to make this Embassy resemble the gold and sunshine of my warm Portugal."

The many priceless and beautiful tapestries, paintings, carpets and china from Portugal make the ground-floor reception room a major palace of art. Soon, No. 11—now the residence—is to be the official Chancery, and No. 12, Belgrave Square the residence.

The butler is reflected in a huge mirror behind the beautiful glass-topped, wrought-iron table which has been admired by visitors from all over the world. This is one of the loveliest rooms in the Embassy, and many glowing tributes have been paid to the exquisite taste of Senhora Ulrich, who personally superintended the furnishing and decoration of every room in 1933 on the first of the two occasions that she and her husband have taken over the Embassy.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE COST OF A BEST SELLER. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.*)
A NAME TO CONJURE WITH. By G. B. Stern. (*Collins ; 15s.*)
WHAT I HAVE HAD. By Harold Brighouse. (*Harrap ; 12s. 6d.*)
FIVE ROUNDABOUTS TO HEAVEN. By John Bingham. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

FROM *The Cost of a Best Seller*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes, we learn that success in America, on such a scale as hers, has some curious snags. The sales of her books are astronomical for, she says, she has " somehow succeeded in writing about the pleasures and sorrows, the desires and needs that are universal, in a way that could be universally understood and enjoyed." " I was in touch with the human family throughout the world—rich and poor, old and young, wise and ignorant—because of my books. And suddenly I knew that no price was too high for such fellowship and such communion, that everything that had gone into my life-work was worth-while." This comforting conclusion comes, however, after Mrs. Keyes has suffered from ill-health and misunderstanding, both due, in part, at least, to the exigencies of her career, has faced great inconvenience for the sake of living in the right background for her purposes, has been separated from her family for long periods, has writhed under well-meant questions from people who want to know how she achieves success, such as " How often do you have an inspiration ? " and " Are you planning another book now ? " She has been pestered by fans who ask for her favourite recipe for soup, by literary societies who want to know all about her " by return mail," by demands for money from founders of religious cults, by autograph hunters, and by people who recognise themselves or their friends in her characters. She has suffered from adverse reviews, and more from unjust and inaccurate ones. She has been dragged to public functions when she has wanted repose. Of all this she writes here philosophically, even gaily, and the reader cannot help seeing her as that splendid being, a " sensible woman." This book will not only dispel a good many illusions ; it is an entertainment in itself.

THE fifth of a series of books which the author calls "ragbag chronicles" is *A Name to Conjure With*, by G. B. Stern. They are as impossible to categorise as to overpraise, and this one is, I think, the richest of them all, so varied and unpredictable that it has a kind of detective-story suspense as one wonders whatever she will say *next*. The " name " in the title may be of a man or a woman, living or dead, of a character in a novel, a saint, a place, or a dog. As usual, Miss Stern does that thing which, in reviews, is for some reason always called " ranging," as though all authors were Australians in the bush. She ranges from the play *Harvey* and the late Sid Field, to her own initials which, she admits, stand for Gladys Bertha, bravely adding that at one time she had, in *Who 's Who*, concealed the latter behind an imaginary Celtic Bronwyn. She speaks of the literary enthusiasms of childhood, abandoned regretfully or obstinately upheld, like the novels of W. J. Locke and Anthony Hope and Rider Haggard. She remembers uncles of fiction like Uncle William of *The Golden Age* and Uncle Ponderevo of *Tono-Bungay*. She talks of Kipling, Chesterton, Stevenson and Jane Austen, to name only a few of the writers on whom she has new and wise things to say. She goes to parties, the theatre and to Broadstairs, which she visited in childhood. She recalls friends who have recently died, like the indomitable Lady Sibyl Colefax and Ivor Novello. In fact, her topics are innumerable and she adorns each of them before she passes on, moved by a process of association, to another. She has such apt names for everything that I am left only with the wish that she would find one with which to categorise this book. A miscellany ? A salmagundi ? A gallimaufry ? It 's grand stuff, anyway.

THERE is no doubt about the category of *What I Have Had*, by Harold Brighouse. It is an autobiography which runs as it should from the author's childhood to the present day. But it is one of the least egotistical of such autobiographies, concerned with men and women, the stage and the Press, Manchester and Paris, London and America, far more than with the man who recalls these things. There are, as we expect, fond recollections of Miss Horniman's theatre in Manchester, in which the first play by Mr. Brighouse was performed and in which Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes* and *The Younger Generation* were produced. " Repertory is a daft word," says Mr. Brighouse, " Miss Horniman knew better than to use it." But to her and to those two dramatists and Allan Monkhouse much of the repertory movement is owed. Mr. Brighouse writes of the Swan Club, a gathering of men in a Manchester public-house which influenced them and, in a way, their times. He remembers his propaganda work for the R.A.F. in the First World War. His book crackles with humour and there are sharp little snapshots, like this of Barrie : " One day on entering the room, I saw him standing with Lord Dunsany and Clifford Bax, Gog and Magog. Barrie was dwarfish ; they were bearded pike-staffs." Or this of the writer's father : " He had faith in God, who made the mountains he loved, faith in Gladstone, mortal though he was, faith in the future of Holdsworth and Gibb, and with two children under education he had in the 'nineties a basic salary of £320 and commissions ranging from £12 to £400. He practised rational economy, cultivated his garden, got books mainly from the Portico Library, but bought a few. Moved by a review, he bought *Esther Waters* and threw it, half read, into the fire. That, from a respecter of books and of property was a memorable gesture." The book is informed with that tolerant shrewdness which so often characterises the point of view of Lancashiremen. Moreover, it has its importance as a piece of the history of the theatre which only this writer could have given us.

FINALLY, a first-rate crime story—*Five Roundabouts to Heaven*, by John Bingham. It is not a detective story. It is not, properly speaking, a thriller. Its mystery is not about what took place or who killed who, but of the subtler kind which puzzles over a murderer and his motives and character. Who, in fact, is the murderer here, the slightly ridiculous Philip Bartels, who sets out to murder his wife because he believes she loves him too much to be happy without him, or the forceful, ruthless character who tells the story and ends by aiding Bartels to commit suicide ? I find it hard to say which of the two I dislike more, and which of their women is less lovable, and yet as I read I never for a second lost interest in these four people, or felt my curiosity (which I suppose was a little morbid in this) weaken. It is a rather unpleasant story, taken all in all, and the narrator's repeated recollections of a happy boyhood in France shared with Bartels only underline its distasteful implications. But readable ? It 's the most readable crime story since *My Name is Michael Sibley*, and that was by the same author.

Authors of To-day

VII—DAPHNE DU MAURIER

DAPHNE DU MAURIER is the granddaughter of George du Maurier, the artist and author of Trilby. *Her father was Gerald du Maurier, the actor. She is married to Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, who is treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh. She has three children—Tessa, Flavia and Christian. She lives in Cornwall in a house called Menabilly, which she used under the name of " Manderley " in her novel* Rebecca. *Her novels are* Jamaica Inn *(1936),* Rebecca *(1938),* Frenchman's Creek *(1941),* Hungry Hill *(1943),* The King's General *(1946),* The Parasites *(1949),* My Cousin Rachel *(1951).*

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE CURVE AND THE TUSK.
By Stuart Cloete. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS.
By L. G. Pine. (*Evans Bros. ; 8s. 6d.*)

THE RED BISHOP.
By Howard Mason. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

GOOD POULTRY AND GAME DISHES.
By Ambrose Heath. (*Faber and Faber ; 8s. 6d.*)

THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS.
By Airey Neave. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

WINNER TAKE ALL.
By Gerard Fairlie. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

CROCKFORD'S.
By A. L. Humphreys. (*Hutchinson ; 15s.*)
A book written round the celebrated nineteenth-century gambling house in St. James's Street.

THE FINE ART OF MIXING DRINKS.
By David A. Embury. (*Faber and Faber ; 25s.*)
Not a mere collection of recipes, but a shrewd analysis of the ingredients and some solid thinking on their application.

YOUR HOLIDAY IN ITALY.
By Gordon Cooper. (*Alvin Redman ; 9s. 6d.*)
An up-to-date version of a book first published three years ago, now presented with a good deal of additional material.

A SINGING REEL.
By Moray McLaren. (*Hollis and Carter ; 16s.*)
A deliberate recollection of some of the happiest moments of this author's half-century—and not solely about fishing.

SHIRTFRONTS AND SABLES.
By W. Macqueen-Pope. (*Robert Hale ; 21s.*)
Reminiscences by a theatrical historian of days when people really " went out for the evening."

THE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO DOG BREEDING.
By Eleanor Frankling. (*Popular Dogs Publishing Co. ; 12s. 6d.*)
The author has been actively engaged in showing and breeding dogs for over twenty-five years—this book is the result of her own experience.

Photographed by Walter Bird.

BACK THIS WEEK

Rosamond Lehmann started writing in her nursery and has been writing successfully ever since. Her new book, *The Echoing Grove* (Collins ; 12s. 6d.), published this week, is her first novel for eight years. *Dusty Answer*, her first book, was published just after she had taken her degree at Cambridge, and she followed it with *A Note in Music*, *Invitation to the Waltz*, *The Weather in the Streets*, *The Ballad and the Source*, which was published in 1944, and a book of short stories entitled *The Gypsy's Baby*. Miss Lehmann is the daughter of R. C. Lehmann, who delighted readers of *Punch* for so many years. She is also the sister of Beatrix Lehmann, the actress, and her brother John is the well-known poet, writer and publisher.

Photographed by Betty Swaebe.

TO MARRY IN JULY

Lending a hand aboard Mr. Joe Raymond's yacht *Venturer* when she and her fiancé, Mr. Stephen Spens, were guests for the week-end at Hamble is Miss Katharine Howard, younger daughter of the late Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Howard, of Castle Howard, York. Mr. Spens, a keen yachtsman who has sailed in many races, is the younger son of Sir Will (recently Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge) and Lady Spens. A granddaughter of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, twenty-two-year-old Miss Howard was brought up by three brothers and a sister. Last year she worked as assistant script writer with an American film company, but her new interest is sailing, at which she is proving herself an apt pupil. The young couple, who announced their engagement on March 11th, plan to marry in July in the private chapel at Castle Howard.

Photographed by Eric Coop.

LADY ANNE COKE . . .

. . . is to be one of the six Maids of Honour to the Queen at the Coronation. She is the twenty-one-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, who are neighbours of the Royal Family at Sandringham. Lady Leicester, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, will be present in her capacity of Lady of the Bedchamber, and the Earl, who was an Extra Equerry to King George VI, was one of the lucky winners in the peers' ballot for seats and will also attend. At Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the eighteenth-century family home in Leicester, Lady Leicester has installed three electrically-fired kilns in the old laundry and turned it into a modern pottery. Lady Anne has recently returned from a trip to America.

" Come along, Wendy—fly with me to Never Never Land ! " urges Peter Pan, while outside the window the jealous Tinker Bell glares furiously at them.

With a faintly worried but very determined Wendy, John and Michael Darling bringing up the rear, Peter swoops low over a moonlit pond in Kensington Gardens, on the first stage of the flight to Never Never Land.

Peter pipes a merry little tune for the two adoring mermaids and then boasts to the greatly impressed Wendy of what he will do with terrible Captain Hook, whose galleon is anchored in a lagoon.

Michael misses being tucked up by his mother. " What is a mother ? " ask the Lost Boys, and as Wendy sings her explanation, *Your Mother and Mine*, John looks glum.

Walt Disney's

"PETER PAN"

WALT DISNEY'S Technicolor cartoon *Peter Pan* has its première at the Leicester Square Theatre on April 16th in aid of the British Red Cross Society. *Peter Pan* has been considered as a special project since the beginning of Walt Disney's feature-length cartoon productions. The preparations covered a period of three years and a cost of close on 4,000,000 dollars. In the final year of production, more than a hundred ranking "pantomimists" with brush and pencil worked with the producer and his directors, and no fewer than 500,000 separate drawings and sketches were made.

Neither the basic plot nor the essential nature of Barrie's principal characters has been tampered with, but in the screen presentation every character and scene bears the distinctive Disney hallmark.

Aboard the pirate galleon, the impish Peter laughs and jeers as he engages the infuriated Captain Hook in a fierce duel, in an attempt to rid Never Never Land of the villainous pirate chieftain and his band.

And here *is* the magical island. On the right is the mermaid lagoon, and in the foreground, the galleon of the villainous Captain Hook.

Michael and John Darling and the Lost Boys are bound and gagged by the fierce-looking crew of Captain Hook, who take them aboard the pirateer.

These dainty little creatures, playing together in a lagoon, are what Walt Disney thinks mermaids should look like in the wonderful land of make-believe in his enchanting version of *Peter Pan*.

Wendy has refused to join the pirate band, and the penalty as decreed by the evil Captain Hook is that she must be made to walk the plank. But Wendy is under Peter's protection, and comes to no harm.

Peter has returned the Darling children to the nursery, and here they wave him a fond good-bye as, aboard the golden galleon, he sets sail through the starlit sky and past the moon, back to Never Never Land.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

The White Carnation

(*Globe*)

THE carnation is worn by a ghost. He had it in his buttonhole on the night he was killed, seven years before. It is still fragrant and fresh, and it will remain so indefinitely, just as his dinner-jacket will remain eternally uncreased. . . .

But I must begin at the beginning which, at the première, fooled most persons in the theatre. Here was a Christmas Eve party breaking up, outside the house of a stockbroker near London, after what had apparently been a pleasant evening. The last guest went. The stockbroker turned to enter his house. Suddenly a gust of wind hurtled across; the front door banged shut; the lights in the house went out, and the owner could make no one hear. Exasperated, he broke his drawing-room window to force a way in. And, when he was in, what did he—and we—find? A bare, dusty room. Desolation. The house that, two minutes before, had been well-ordered and normal, was now deserted and half-wrecked.

That, surely, would be enough to alarm anyone. The owner, refusing to be alarmed, substituted bewildered irritation, until, after scaring the wits from a policeman and leaving a Coroner and a police-surgeon hot and bothered, he had to agree, unwillingly, that he was a ghost. Now that he was back, however, he wanted—not surprisingly—to stay. Other persons had other ideas. Even ghosts, it appeared, had to be tangled up in red tape. The Town Clerk (who ought to have arrived on the stage) took an uncommonly dim view of the business. It was made clear that, if the ghost were a man of honour—or, at least, an honourable wraith—he should retreat at once to the cemetery. Altogether, an awkward return to earth for a ghost who did not know how long he might have to sustain his haunting. . .

Although the ghost did not realise it, he had been sent back for a perfectly good and laudable reason. Playgoers must discover this without my prompting. All I can observe here is that the play begins and ends on a Christmas Eve, and that there is precisely twelve months between the two occasions. The last Christmas Eve, when it comes, proves to be as agreeably chilling as—in recollection and possessing the right clue—the first seems now to have been. The idea of the play is first-rate. What we are less sure about is its execution. Mr. Sherriff's treatment of average, matter-of-fact, small-town types is (we know) unmatched. During the middle of the evening he shows us how the constable, the vicar, the next-door neighbour, and a local girl (Meriel Forbes), who seems to be something of a ghost-fancier, react to the odd inhabitant of Greenwood's blitzed house. Towards the end he produces a V.I.P. from the Home Office in a scene that, though Colin Gordon acts it in his baleful-thistle vein, fails somehow to amuse. We have had these Civil Servants before; Sherriff, quite clearly, does not study them with the warm observation he keeps for such a man as the Vicar (beautifully acted here by Harcourt Williams).

The ghost is, very properly, at stage centre. Sir Ralph Richardson, hardly ever off, is most compellingly the puzzled, uneasy, fumbling fellow, who in life had been selfish and unimaginative, and who as a ghost has nothing to do but read good books (of which he tires very soon); to play gin-rummy (until the constable leaves him); and, in general, to stand up for his rights as a ghost. Unfortunately, as he learns, a ghost has no rights.

This is a strange little play that, though it does not wholly come off, has some shrewd humour, no mock-metaphysical dithering, and a couple of theatrical surprises. Not wholly a success; but by no means a complete failure.

L'Enfant Prodigue

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

The current Arts Theatre revival of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, Michel Carré's famous play in mime, has had a rousing reception. So expressively is it acted in this production by Archie Harradine (who himself gives a brilliant interpretation of Monsieur Pierrot) that not a single word of the implied dialogue is missing, and every nuance of the miming is wittily underlined by Nancy Weir in her interpretation of Andre Wormser's pianoforte score.

Our top photograph shows Sara Luzita as Phrynette, a laundress who is a coquette of coquettes; Elaine Wodson as Madame Pierrot in a touching performance; and Yoma Sasburgh as Pierrot, the erring son.

The lower scene is in the ill-gotten apartment of Pierrot and Phrynette in Paris at the moment when Harold Turner, as a delightfully caricatured, bold, bad Baron, is finally lured by Phrynette into supporting her in the style to which she would like to become accustomed.

The play continues at the Arts Theatre until April 19th.

Richard the Third

(*Stratford-upon-Avon*)

RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER is boar, cockatrice, cacodemon, bottled spider, and a good many other things as well. He is, above all, one of the most magnificently theatrical personages in the record of the theatre. From the moment he lunges into the first soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent," Richard should flaunt like a "flag in air": a flag, I would say, with the emblem of the skull-and-crossbones. He is at the heart of a great melodrama (Shakespeare's Saturday-night) that takes an ensanguined path towards Bosworth. At Stratford now (its first appearance there in fourteen years) the play keeps its excitement, almost—and this is surprising—in spite of its Richard. Nobody would deny Marius Goring's intelligence; but he is altogether too light a villain for the Red King. Though the man with the foxy smile, waxen face, lank shoulder-length red hair, and club-foot, works hard at his devilry, he is never particularly alarming—and that is fatal.

Now and again during the performance we are hopeful: there are moments on the eve and the morning of Bosworth (the last fight is managed craftily) when we feel that the man is coming through. It was certainly Richard that cried in triumph when at last he met Richmond in the field; and it was Richard that plucked away the dagger at the end of a grim duel. That aside, and without wavering in my respect for Mr. Goring as an actor, I do not put this on any list of memorable performances. More's the pity because the rest of the Stratford production is so complete. Glen Byam Shaw is, as ever, the least fussy of directors; the Motley designs are sinister; and there are several performances of quality. Harry Andrews, for example, is the most redoubtable Buckingham I recall. In fact, he should have been cast for Richard. Here are the rasp, the sweep and command. Mr. Andrews can loom; it is a gift that Richard needs. Lady Anne ("Was ever woman in this humour won?") of Yvonne Mitchell is always blade-true in speech and movement. Tony Britton takes Hastings from the puppet class.

The wailing Queens had a trying night; but then they usually do. I must continue to prefer Margaret of Anjou in her younger days.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

IT is the best of news that we are at last to have a London production of Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust*, which I saw an Old Vic company do at the Liverpool Playhouse in the autumn of 1945. Sam Wanamaker (who produces) will present the comedy in London during the early summer, in association with Thane Parker. Siobhan McKenna, Eithne Dunne, Liam Redmond, Joseph O'Conor, Shamus Locke, and Harry Hutchinson are in a fine cast.

BAD SAMARITAN

E. P. Clift proposes to present William Douglas Home's *The Bad Samaritan* in the West End in about two months' time. Murray Macdonald produces the play, which is a strongly dramatic story of two sons; and Michael Denison, George Relph, Virginia McKenna, Heather Stannard, Ronald Lewis and Jessie Winter have the leading parts. Miss Winter makes a welcome return to the stage after an absence of nearly eighteen years.

IN THE PARK

This is the coming-of-age season of the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park. It opens on May 28th (the actual birthday is on June 5th), and the chosen plays are *Twelfth Night*, with which the first season began; *Love's Labour's Lost*, which has not been done in Regent's Park since 1936; and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Each production will run about four weeks. Mr. Atkins will certainly appear as Sir Toby Belch, and he may also play Bottom.

"THE SOFT SHOE SHUFFLE."

"And when the present Hit Parade is dead and gone,
The Lily of Laguna will be shuffling on!"

(Richard Waring, Gillian Lynne.)

"FRENCH LESSON."

"Autre chose? Auto shows? A place where motor-cars are on view!
Mademoiselle!" "Oui, messieurs?" "Teach us to parlez-vous!"

(Jimmy Thompson, Gillian Lynne, Rex Grahame, Richard Waring.)

"RAIN" À LA HOLLYWOOD.

"It's tough on the boys who write my script,
For I gotta be pure but I gotta be stripped!"

(R. Grahame, G. Lynne, Ann Sullivan, H. Comor, Lillemor Knudsen.)

"HANK CINQUE—ON COMMERCIAL T.V."

"We never had any weapons like those—
They won the war with their arrows and bows!"

(Richard Waring, Henry Comor.)

"INTIMACY AT EIGHT"

On April 2nd, the New Lindsey Theatre Club's revue had its 100th performance. In a private club theatre a centenary, always an occasion for justifiable pride, is almost unique—and *Intimacy at Eight*, still playing to packed audiences, "looks like running for ever." Princess Margaret was a recent visitor to the show, and the audience is constantly sprinkled with famous stage and screen personalities. The above scenes give but a slight indication of the remarkably varied programme at this Bayswater club theatre, which is under the direction of Mr. Frederick Piffard, for sixteen years a producer with the B.B.C. The sketches in the show are by Peter Myers, Alec Graham, David Clymie and Frank Vosburgh, and the delightful music by Norman Dannatt, Ronald Cass and John Pritchett. The immense success of the show owes much to producer John Regan, and Jefferson Strong deserves high commendation for the excellent settings and scenery. Other players not mentioned above are Maria Charles, Dennis Wood and the brilliant young Fenella Fielding.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Lenare

TO-DAY'S WEDDING

For her marriage to-day (April 8th) to Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, Miss Jacqueline Floor will wear a beautiful long-trained gown of white lace on gold-embroidered tulle, with one of the popular short veils. The bride, who is the very lovely younger daughter of Major and Mme. Ides Maria Floor of Lullenden, Sussex, where this picture was taken, will be attended by seven bridesmaids and three pages. Mr. Naylor-Leyland, who is well known in riding circles, is the younger son of the late Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Ruthin, North Wales. He is now farming in Gloucestershire, and after a honeymoon in Spain the young couple will live on his farm near Cirencester.

TO-MORROW'S WEDDING

Members of many Royal families will be present to-morrow (April 9th) when the marriage takes place between Princess Josephine Charlotte, elder daughter of ex-King Leopold and sister of King Baudouin, to Prince Jean of Luxembourg, heir to the Grand Duchess. The civil ceremony will be held in the palace of the Grand Duchy before representatives of all the European Courts. It will be followed by a religious ceremony at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, conducted by the Coadjutor Bishop of Luxembourg, in the presence of the Apostolic Nuncio. Notable guests will stay in the grand ducal palace, which is a charming old Spanish Renaissance building of the sixteenth century.

The bodice and straight centre panel of this exquisite ball gown, worn by Penelope Yolland, are encrusted with silver sequins and bugle beads. Pearl-grey net forms the skirt, which is gathered into a pleat at each side, and over all is the palest of pink tulle stoles.

White is greatly fav
Camilla Beddington
taffeta stole over
corded silk that's ide
for cockt

PENELOPE YOLLAND.

CAMILLA

SARA GORE.

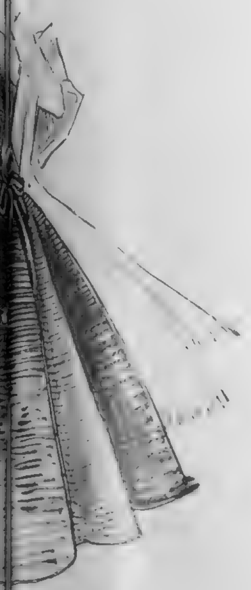
Sara Gore models this slim, grey tailored suit, which is a basic "must" for spring wardrobes. To complete the ensemble, there's a white-as-snow piqué cravat with gloves to match.

"The Sketch" Previews

When the débutantes chosen for this year's charity fashion show join in the parade at the Berkeley Hotel next Wednesday (April 15th) they will have real competition from the professional mannequins who will also be taking part. This annual event, which is in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., is becoming almost as much a tradition as the Queen Charlotte's Ball.

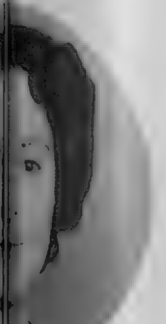
This year's parade will be a particularly glamorous affair, for the girls will be wearing new Dior fashions especially designed for London. The bridal dress, created to suit the girl chosen to model it, is alwa

Specially drawn for



d this year, and here
s an enormous white
rapless black dress of
o go dancing in, perfect
or theatre.

Pride of the collection, the bride's dress, is modelled by Lady Rose Bligh. In filmy organza embroidered with white lilies and gold leaves, it has an enormously full skirt, demure neckline and wrist-hugging sleeves. A dainty white-beaded wreath surmounts a cloud of tulle veiling.



DDINGTON.

LADY ROSE BLIGH.

ROSEMARY VILLIERS.

The Hon. Rosemary Villiers shows to advantage the simple elegance of this afternoon dress in lightweight grey wool, with its tailored bodice, cap sleeves, and fine pleats set into the skirt.

he Débutante Dress Show

the coveted prize of the collection. Last year, Sarah Chester-Beatty was the lucky winner ; this year it goes to Lady Rose Bligh.

For the inexperienced, the responsibility of living up to the prestige of Dior dresses is quite a task in itself, and to appear on the same programme as professional models could be quite unnerving. But the girls chosen are a poised and lovely group and include, apart from those named on these pages, the Hon. Gillian Cecil, niece of the Duchess of Gloucester, Miss Cleone Cory-Wright and Miss Pamela Foster. We feel sure their efforts will be crowned with success.

E SKETCH" by SIGRID

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

An Outboard Motor For Oxford?

It is difficult to enthuse about the Boat Race. The margin of eight lengths meant a procession rather than a race. Even when the crews were paddling down to the start, the difference was noticeable. Oxford looked tired and weary. Their rowing was sluggish. I am afraid it is the old, old story . . . a crew being brought to the peak too early. The period of training is intensive. Three months is a long time for anyone to maintain rigid physical discipline. During the practice weeks immediately before the race, I was impressed by the Oxford form, but I was surprised by the intensity of their last week at Putney. Either they were super-men, or else the danger of staleness was real. The Cambridge coach was wiser. He nursed his material, with the result that Oxford were made to look like inferior selling-platers alongside immaculate thoroughbreds. An outboard motor may yet have to be fitted on the Oxford boat.

During the race I was asked how the Cambridge "blue" originated. It made its appearance in 1836. In 1829 the Oxford uniform had been chosen by Wordsworth and Garnier. The crews appeared in dark-blue striped jerseys. Cambridge wore pink sashes as a compliment to their Johnian captain. In 1836 Cambridge dressed in white. Just before the race started, legend declares that R. N. Phillips, of Christ's, rushed to a shop and bought a piece of Eton blue ribbon, which was fastened to the bows. It is difficult to verify the historicity of this incident, but the story makes a pleasant introduction. Every race has added its quota of incident. A glance through the records made this year's effort seem even duller than it was. In 1849 Oxford and Cambridge crews met twice on Putney waters and the race was awarded on a foul. The 1857 race must have roused considerable excitement. The new Matt Taylor boat was used by Oxford, who rowed the course in 19 mins. 50 secs., which remained the record until 1873, when the first sliding seat was introduced. The year 1863 produced headlines in a different way. It was marked by a dispute with the owners of the steamers that followed behind. On several occasions unruly steamers had almost ruined the race. This time fourteen paddle-steamers left Mortlake, but refused to get behind the umpire. In protest, the crews refused to start.

Thick fog caused the 1880 race to be postponed. In 1883 it was rowed in a snowstorm. The 1903 race saw Cambridge receive a flying start—about a third of a length—through the starter's pistol, of old-fashioned design, sticking at half-cock for several seconds. In 1912 both boats sank. Oxford managed to get theirs to the shore, refloated it, and completed the course, but the race was ordered to be re-rowed. 1934 produced a record time of 18 mins. 3 secs. by the Cambridge boat. A new all-time record was set up in 1948 by the Light Blues of 17 mins. 50 secs. 1949 made history through the closeness of the finish, a superhuman effort in the last few yards enabling Cambridge to snatch victory. 1951 showed that Oxford could swim better than they could row. After the recent race I felt that Oxford had become the home of lost causes and courses. For the benefit of those who like statistics, Cambridge have now won 54 races against Oxford's 44, with one dead-heat.

Drawn by Donald Green

"I know nothing about Art but I DO like that!"

Equally Decisive

The Grand National brought an equally decisive result. *Early Mist's* 20 lengths win over *Mont Tremblant* was the most clear-cut since the war. Details of the race are by now of interest only to the record book, but a few words about the trainer, Vincent O'Brien, are not out of place. It is easy to say that a man is outstanding, but seldom can such a claim be so substantiated. The past six seasons have brought successes in four Cheltenham Gold Cups, three Champion Hurdles, and one Grand National. It reads like a National Hunt dream.

Re Deteriorated Golfers

It has been said that twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin, whilst twenty years of marriage make her something like a public building. The deterioration might be worse. It is only necessary to see what twenty years of golf can do for a man. It can turn him into a tedious bore without the remotest knowledge of how to live, nor the smallest instinct about when to die.

I sat next to such an individual at a recent golf-club dinner. He was dissatisfied with his game. He was full of grumbles. The grip used by Ben Hogan was obviously faulty, as a demonstration with a soup-spoon proved. The bunkering at the short ninth was fatuous, as a plate-tumbler-knife layout showed. The main grouse was that he couldn't find a course that had anything fresh to offer. As the fellow was a member of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves with their boring prattle, I could not be bothered to argue. I contented myself with the reflection that narrow-mindedness and a parochial outlook reduce everything to microscopic dimensions.

A Birthday of Note

It is difficult to realise that the name of J. H. Taylor means little to the younger generation. The student of golf thinks of him as a legend. Others just don't know. I can only say that theirs is the loss. At a time when interesting personalities in sport are rare, J. H. Taylor stands head and shoulders above the figures of several decades. It is tempting to give a sketchy impression of this five times Open Champion, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday. It is not easy. In the first place it is necessary to define something which defies definition. When I think of Taylor I visualise a figure of concentrated energy. There is nothing loose or slipshod about his make-up. You can explain it by an unusually active pituitary gland, or a first-class liver, or by the fact that he was born in Devon. Explain it as you will, "J.H." remains the personification of intense mental and physical energy.

Unquenchable Youth

The most vivid of my memories of Taylor is connected with a broadcast made some time ago. Knowing his unwillingness to leave the quiet and peace of Westward Ho, I went to Devon. Technicians converted his comfortable sitting-room into a studio. The microphone was installed on a desk which, with justifiable pride, was identified as the one presented to him by the Artisan Golfers' Association.

"J.H." viewed the preparations with an air of suspicion. His eyes never missed a thing. They turned on me in that familiar, penetrating way, lit upon me like searchlights, flickered, and melted away again. They were young and enquiring. I realised in that brief moment that here was an example of what caused Dickens to write: "Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young enough and in full vigour." Taylor may be old in years, but he is young in spirit. He has reached that enviable stage in life when past and present are indissolubly blended into a dateless experience. The broadcast showed that in a big way. We had no script, no rehearsal. We talked. And there was plenty to talk about. He set the two ages side by side. The age when delicate fingers clutched at voluminous skirts that threatened to trail in the dust, and that of to-day. He evoked the times when professionals dressed like golfers and not like vulgar tailor's dummies, when golf called for the maximum artistry in shot-making, and not mechanical swings with graded clubs.

Like Sir Max Beerbohm, I delight in imagining meetings between famous contemporaries and equally famous historical figures. I would give the price of West End champagne to hear a discussion between Sir Walter Simpson, Young Tom Morris, Ben Hogan and "J.H." on the difference between past and present in golfing matters. I would give even more to see a match between Willie Park, Harold Hilton, John Ball and "J.H." on the links of Westward Ho as originally seen by General Moncrieffe. And I would go miles in any weather to see Taylor in his prime compete against the combined might of Bobby Locke, Ben Hogan and Henry Cotton.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Left : Glamorous Italian film-star Gina Lollobrigida, recently seen in London in a leading part in the French Festival film, *Les Belles de Nuit*, is now working in Italy on the new John Huston film, *Beat the Devil.* Here she leads her co-stars, Humphrey Bogart (*left*) and Peter Lorre, on donkeys through a street in Ravello, Italy.

Below, left : Posting letters " home to Mars and Venus " in London's Fleet Street are " two Space Postmen from Mars " and one " Space Postwoman from Venus." Affixed to the envelopes are stamps of " the first Inter-Planetary Mail Service." The explanation ? A publicity gag with a difference. The stamps—there are 32 different species—are obtained by purchasing a certain branded household commodity.

Below, right : Mr. Dudley, second from left, making a test with his 3-D. attachment which can be fitted to an ordinary camera. With this system, only one camera, one film and one projector are required. The bubbles the girls are blowing will later be seen floating over the heads of cinema audiences in an uncannily realistic manner.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA : For maintaining her " lead " among the stars in Italy.

DAVID FRANKLIN, HELGA WALL-ROW and JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON : For establishing an Inter-Planetary Date Line in Town.

LESLEY DUDLEY : For blowing bubbles at the Three-Dimensional experts.

MARCH 19TH.—*HORSE AND HOUND* CORONATION YEAR BALL. Sitting out for supper at Grosvenor House were (*l. to r.*) Mr. Michael Skinner, Miss Ann Williams, Mr. M. Lyon, Miss Susan Parton, Miss Anthea Doresa and Mr. Keith Vanston. One of the highlights of the evening was the Hunting Horn Competition.

MARCH 19TH.—PRESENTATION TO THE WINNER. The Duchess of Norfolk hands the *Horse and Hound* Challenge Cup for the hunting-horn contest to Captain R. E. Wallace, watched by Lord Burghley (*centre*), Master of the East Sussex Hunt, and Lord Irwin, Joint Master of the Middleton Hunt.

MARCH 20TH. — TWO HAPPY SMILES AND A BILLOWING TRAIN. Miss Patricia Elizabeth Helen Burgis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burgis, and Mr. Patrick Robert Henry Lynch were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

MARCH 21ST. — WEDDING DOWN UNDER. Just received from Australia this picture of Miss Jacqueline Champneys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Champneys, who was married at Townsville, Queensland, to Mr. Douglas Bell.

MARCH 23RD.—AT STOCKHOLM'S ROYAL PALACE. Flanked by two of his sisters, little Crown Prince Carl Gustav of Sweden attended a reception for King Haakon of Norway. On the left is Prince Bertil of Sweden.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

IT was an apprehensive spring in Park Lane for No. 45 on March 18th; a group of enterprising young people had taken over the small theatre in the ballroom of this now somewhat hollow mansion, and everyone came in high spirits for the opening of the Park Lane Review—billed as the only theatre-club in the Mayfair district. Mr. Anthony Blond brought Miss Jill Pretty, in an unusual petunia felt skirt; they were talking at the top of the magnificent marble staircase to Mr. Mark Boxer, down from Cambridge. We caught a glimpse of Lord Primrose, very busy backstage as he had been roped in at the last minute to help with the lighting, Mr. Mark Elwes, and Hermione Gingold keeping warm inside a draught-defying grey coat. Mr. Leopold Antelme, who told us that his cousin, Princess Wiszniewska, was somewhere in the audience, had composed some of the music; he was up at Oxford with Mr. John Mayer, the producer, Mr. Anthony Chalmers and Mr. Stanley Myers.

MARCH 19TH.—Bridge and Canasta players flooded the drawing-room, dining-room and library of Mr. Alfred Bossom's house in Carlton Gardens for a very successful card party in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. There were afternoon and evening sessions—some people came along to both. Lady Bird, Chairman of the Fund, was playing bridge during the afternoon, Mr. Ewart Kempson and Lady Rhodes, both experts, were taking part in exhibition games, Lord and Lady Cullen, Lady Howe, Lady Codling, Mrs. Ronnie Bowes-Lyon and her husband and Mrs. de la Motte were others there. Lady Alexander was coming but at the last minute she had to be at a reception for Marshal Tito. Miss Davina Walford, Miss Susan Wainwright and Miss Jennifer Wainwright were among the young and beautiful helping with prizes and refreshments; one of the original prizes was an "expenses paid" day at the Naval Review at Spithead in June.

That same evening hunting people left their boots and saddles, but not their horns, at home and descended on London for one of the jolliest do's among the "horsey"—the *Horse and Hound* Ball at Grosvenor House. Even the bagpipes which took over from the ordinary band for reels fought a losing battle to make themselves heard above the stirring music of the horns, which were blown almost continuously by their pink-coated owners until the ball ended at 3 a.m. Captain R. E. Wallace, Joint Master of the Heythrop, evidently possessed the toughest lungs *and* the vital knack; he was presented with the championship trophy by the Duchess of Norfolk, very elegant in bottle-green. The Duke was there too, and Lord Irwin and Lord Burghley, who judged the hunting-horn contest. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, up from Badminton, were with Lord Knutsford and Sir Nigel Colman; General Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., confessed that he was no good at horn-blowing himself, but greatly admired those who could. We saw Major and Mrs. J. G. Morrison; he is M.P. for Salisbury. Their two sons Mr

MARCH 19TH.—PILGRIMS' DINNER. The Duke of Norfolk (*right*) greets Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the American Ambassador, at the Pilgrims' fiftieth anniversary dinner at the Savoy.

MARCH 19TH.—TAKING OFF FROM MID-STREAM. Miss E. Knox-Thompson and *Alamein* competed in the Junior Section of the British Horse Society's one-day Combined Training Test at Stowell Park, Glos.

MARCH 20TH. — AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Major Edwin Robinson, of Cirencester, married Miss Prudence Arthur, daughter of Lord Glenarthur, of Stairaird, Ayrshire.

MARCH 23RD.—LED IN BY THE STABLE LASS. Mr. H. Wallington's *Allan Tor*, with Ken. Gethin up, is proudly led in by Miss Andrea Anstead after winning the Stonebow Selling Plate at Lincoln on the opening day of the "flat."

MARCH 25TH.—ANOTHER STATELY HOME OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. Lord and Lady Cobham, pictured here with three of their sons, Christopher, Richard and Nicholas, are opening Hagley Hall, Worcestershire, to the public at Easter. Lord and Lady Cobham have now catalogued the family treasures and heirlooms and are briefing the local villagers, who are acting as guides. Hagley Hall, which has 27 rooms, is in Palladian style and was built in 1760.

James Morrison, his pretty, young wife, the former Miss Clare Barclay, and Mr. Charles Morrison, dancing with Miss Sarah Long, were in the same party. Mr. Bill Hanson, who is going off to jump at Nice at the end of the month, brought his fiancée, Miss Patricia Edge, who came over from Ireland, where she hunts with the Meath, specially for the ball. Mr. Wilfred White, new captain of the British Olympic team, was there with his wife, so were Mr. and Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, Lord Bathurst, in the Norfolk's party, and Miss Mary Whitehead, another well-known rider. Colonel and Mrs. Harry Llewellyn miraculously managed to put in an appearance; just after midnight they were flying to Australia, where they are both to judge at the Sydney Horse Show.

MARCH 23RD.—*The Cruel Sea* engulfed part of Simpson's in Piccadilly when Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat, author of the best-seller, opened an exhibition of things connected with both the book and the film. We talked submarines with Vice-Admiral S. M. Raw, who was looking forward to the première of the film a few days later; Dr. Reginald Bennett, Commodore of the House of Commons Yacht Club, said he hoped to be going to America for some international sailing in the autumn. We met Commander E. M. Hoare, who is in charge of the *Meet the Royal Navy* exhibition, which is soon starting out on its travels around inland England, Commander J. W. Groves, and (standing up for the R.A.F.) Air Chief Marshal Sir James Robb and Air Vice-Marshal R. S. Aitkin.

Debs. formed most of the audience which spent the afternoon sitting on gilded chairs to watch a parade of dresses designed for the young by Belinda Bellville, herself a deb. in 1948. Her grandmother, Mrs. Gordon Leith, just back from a holiday in the Bahamas, lent her lovely house in Manchester Square for the show; ex-debs. Mary Moore, Fiona Campbell-Walter and Charlotte Star-Busmann were some of the models, Miss Penelope Harcourt, Miss Francesca Fummi, wearing a smart green coat trimmed with Persian lamb, and Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham were among the spectators. We heard Miss Rose Lycett-Green and her cousin Miss Catherine Lycett-Green debating whether or not to have tea at Gunters; spotted in a corner being hotly questioned by an American journalist was Miss Belinda Stent, in a white feather hat.

Lord Hambleden collected lots of people together at the House of Lords for a cocktail party *cum* committee meeting to discuss arrangements for a preview of *The Apple Cart* on May 5th to raise funds for the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn took things along at a rattling pace as Chairman; Lady Lambton was an efficient President. Afterwards we discussed Indonesian music with Mme. Subandrio; saw pretty Lady Cranborne talking to the Portuguese Ambassador; and Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Harrison-Broadley and Mrs. Evans-Freake buying tickets from Lady Beddoe-Rees.

MARCH 24TH.—Lady Bridget Clark suggested that ladies should be asked to wear red, white or blue dresses to the Red, White and Blue Ball in aid of the Family Welfare Association on May 19th. The ball committee crowded into Lord Hardwicke's house; sitting on the floor were Lady Arabella Stuart, Miss Katherine Smith and her brother Lord Hambleden, Mrs. John Greenish and Mr. Dominic Elliot, whose sister-in-law, Lady Melgund, very pretty in blue, had been clever enough to secure a chair.

THE BAILLIEUS AT HOME

Often described as one of the handsomest of the New Year peers, Australian-born Lord Baillieu, the distinguished industrialist, is pictured here with his wife and sons at their lovely old home in Parkwood, Surrey, where they entertain extensively with that friendly informality so typical of Australians. *Right:* The Baillieus with their three tall, good-looking sons. Robert Latham, thirty-five, standing behind his father, is a barrister; William Latham, thirty-seven, behind Lady Baillieu, teaches Latin and Greek at a preparatory school in Crowborough, Sussex; and Edward Latham, thirty-three, is a stockbroker in the City. (Yvette, their twenty-seven-year-old daughter, is married to American industrialist Robert R. Wilson.) *Below:* Lord Baillieu gives his Labradors a game. *Below, right:* Lord and Lady Baillieu in the study. The Stars and Stripes in the corner were presented to Lord Baillieu by the American Government in recognition of his wartime work in the U.S. The painting of Lady Baillieu is by the Australian artist Isaac Michael Cohen.

Specially photographed for THE SKETCH by Bassano.

Youth and Beauty

MISS DAVINA MERRY

Pretty, dark-haired Miss Davina Merry is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Eion Merry, of Lucknam Park, Chippenham, Wiltshire, and granddaughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton. Miss Merry, who is studying art, was one of the loveliest of last year's débutantes, and her coming-out dance was one of the season's memorable occasions.

TALKING OF TELEVISION — By CYRIL BUTCHER

Dramatic Documentaries

ANENT our remarks on the subject of documentary programmes in the last issue, when we said that they should be written with as much dramatic impact as a play, it is an interesting coincidence that two recent television plays should in effect have been documentaries.

The first, Beverley Nichols' *Shadow of the Vine*, was quite the most shattering thing we have seen for a long, long time. Its theme, alcoholism, has already been dealt with in television programmes—notably Jeanne Heal's interview with an ex-alcoholic in the *Case Book* series. But that lesson, startling though it was, paled before the awful moral which the play drew. It showed in well-architected dramatic form how a drunkard poisons not only his own body and soul, but the lives of all those who revolve around him: his wife, his family and his servants. Fiction is more potent than fact; and we can find a deathless proof of that rule when we think of the Parables.

Shadow of the Vine is a courageous play. Mr. Nichols leaves little to the imagination in the treatment of his gruesome subject, and the parts—especially Mark, the alcoholic—require equal courage to act. Arthur Young has many splendid performances to his credit, but here he rose to the heights of the very greatest acting. We hope never to see *delirium tremens* portrayed with more horrifying realism. His honours were shared by Catherine Lacey, as Mark's patient, ever-forgiving wife, who realises that the man she took for better, for worse is more to be pitied than reviled. The brilliant producing hand of Peter Cotes has never been surer than with this play, which will undoubtedly give many people much thought for a long time to come.

The second play of a documentary nature was *The Troubled Air*, by Raymond Byrnes and Alvin Rakoff, from the novel by Irwin Shaw. This time the theme is the anti-Communist witch-hunt which is throwing the social pattern of the United States into such turmoil, and the setting is placed in the realms of commercial radio. The producer of a successful weekly programme is told by his sponsor that he must sack a number of his artistes because they are politically suspect. Out of loyalty to them he resists the edict and then things begin to happen. Let us at once say that the performances were fine; especially those of Patrick Barr as the troubled hero; Joyce Heron as his wife and Paul Whitsun-Jones as a Jewish, Austrian-born composer for whom the witch-hunt ends in death. The production by Ian Atkins and the direction by Julian Amyes were a masterpiece of slickness, and between them they sent the play rocketing along.

Now for the play itself. Admittedly it was a model of competent scripting, but for its sentiments we have less respect. Is one seriously to believe that the executive power in America, the power that controls the livelihood and the destinies of the Little Chap, is now in the hands of ravening Fascists? Is the mud of Communism so ubiquitous that you can't be loyal to your friends without becoming smeared with it? We beg to doubt it. We also beg to consider this play subversive. Subversive because we detected the sympathy sinister, and subversive because it gave a terrifyingly persuasive picture of something rotten in the state of America. What was not underlined was the very real and urgent problem which is confronting America at this moment, through the infiltration of thoroughly dangerous persons into high places. No country wishing to survive can neglect a thorough investigation into their activities.

This may all be outside our proper province on this page. But the matter of good taste on television is very much in it and we consider it a shocking lapse of good taste on the B.B.C.'s part to have put on *The Troubled Air*. America, a country with which Britain is so closely bound in concord and amity, should not be shown in such a light. Nor should it be shown in terms of such revolting bad language as the script of this play contained. Americans do not exclusively refer to each other as sanguinary illegitimates, canine offspring and fallen ladies!

In *The Lake* the air was not only troubled, but confused. The authors, Dorothy Massingham and Murray Macdonald, would appear to have been influenced by Ibsen, for their play revolves round one of those unfortunate young women whose lives are an eternal quest to find their real selves. Like Ibsen, again, there is much good naturalistic dialogue and perceptive character drawing. But, unlike Ibsen, their play construction is untidy and unsatisfying. One never feels that the outcome is inevitable and not dependent on the whims of the authors. Still, one is grateful to them for providing opportunities for one great performance by Irene Worth, as the young woman in question, and for two brilliant ones by Marie Ney and Eileen Thorndike as her sympathetic aunt and tiresome mother respectively. Harold Clayton, as always, produced with a delicate touch.

To Philip Bate fell the formidable task of producing Sir Thomas Beecham in *The Conductor Speaks*. It was a task excellently carried out. Sir Thomas certainly *did* speak. It is difficult to decide which gave us more pleasure—his discourse, which was a mixture of dignity, impudence, fun, fact and the inevitable outrageous remark, like calling the overture to *The Marriage of Figaro* "the egg-boiler overture"—or the very exquisite performance of the light Mozart programme which he and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra gave. At the end, Sir Thomas hinted that he would like to do some more programmes. We quote from memory: "If you have liked us, perhaps you would indicate to the management that they should employ us again." It is a very good idea. Sir Thomas seems to enjoy himself in the television studio, and that enjoyment communicates itself hugely to the viewer. We suggest a regular series for Sir Thomas. If television can provide the finest plays and the best actors, it should bring its music up to the same level by giving the finest music, the best orchestra in the country, and the greatest conductor in the world.

Just to show that we are not incurably highbrow, we must register appreciation of the clowning of Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss in their new series, *Re-Turn It Up*. We missed the splendid variety acts which supported them in their previous series, but the fun was so fast and furious we had a good time just the same.

Watching Brief

ROSTAND'S *L'Aiglon*, which will be for ever associated with Sarah Bernhardt, is scheduled for April 12th and 16th, when it will be seen as translated by Clemence Dane, who has also reduced this monster play to more manageable proportions. In the part of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon I.'s son (L'Aiglon), there will be a break from tradition, for previously it has been played by women: great actresses like Bernhardt, Maude Adams, Eve Le Gallienne and Marie Lohr. In the television production by Rudolph Cartier the rôle will be played by Martin Starkie. Other important parts will be in the hands of Wilfrid Lawson, André Van Gyseghem, Milton Rosmer and Eileen Peel.

* * *

Also with a period setting is *The Great Catherine*, by Bernard Shaw, which can be seen next Wednesday, April 15th, with Mary Ellis in the lead. This concentrates more on Catherine as a woman than Catherine as an Empress. Michael Barry will be in the producer's chair, with Barbara Burnham assisting him.

* * *

Half Seas Over, by Roy Plomley, promises to be rather good fun, for it is a comedy with Channel-swimming as its theme. Yvonne Marsh plays a blonde who is dumb but just keeps on swimming because she likes it that way. John Warrington produces. The date, next Tuesday, April 14th.

* * *

The second Jewel and Warriss show, *Re-Turn It Up*, is scheduled for April 18th "from a London theatre." Production by Michael Mills, direction by Peter Graham Scott.

* * *

An hour-and-a-quarter of cycle-racing from Herne Hill seems more than enough. But you never know: it might be good fun. In case you are interested it is in the afternoon of April 11th.

People Who Matter

GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE, C.-in-C., Army on the Rhine.

DOVES of peace reported on Germany's frontiers concern none more than the legendary hero of the parachute landings in Normandy on D-Day, General Sir Richard Nelson Gale, K.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., for this "giant" stands directly facing the Iron Curtain in the world's tinder-box, Germany, as C.-in-C., British Army on the Rhine. The former Director-General of Military Training, War Office, gives his confidences to few. In the ungiving blue eyes there is wilful solitude, distance; he dreams of his beloved Himalayas.

When the Yorkshire father and strict North Queensland mother returned from the open spaces of Australia to England in 1905, Richard Gale had travelled 30,000 miles, partly on the business of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, London.

After three years at King Edward VII. School, Stratford-upon-Avon, he secured a prize—"everybody else was down with measles that term." He tried Merchant Taylors and then Aldenham. In July 1914 he faced tragedy—the Army refused him, "Chest Expansion too modest." Mullers secretly altered that and a Lexham Gardens, Kensington, crammer helped to success—Sandhurst the next year.

For seventeen years he enjoyed India; decided to climb the Pir Punjo range; hunted the Delhi Hounds. His eyes smiled even less as he taught parachuting in Salisbury, Wiltshire—from a room packed with serious books just before D-Day. His officers and men gasped as in tiny red beret he walked across fields ignoring all kinds of cross-fire. That brought the D.S.O.—at their plea.

Terrorists in Palestine left him amused, and I watched him writing a book there. "Bloody old cronies" will know the favourite words: "First things first."

G. B.

1 An anxious little girl comes to the temporary refuge of the P.D.S.A. to find out if her dog has been saved.

2 Hopefully sniffing at the sleeve of her coat is one of the other dogs in search of an owner, but no, this isn't the one.

3 Ah, there you are! He's a lovely little golden Cocker Spaniel and he's literally wound himself in circles in his eagerness to catch the eye of his young mistress. Heart-burnings are over now, and it's hard to tell which is happier at the reunion.

4 He's been warm, well-fed and comfortable, but there's no place like home, and he intends to get there at top speed.

5 His mistress knows her debt to the P.D.S.A., and stops to say thank you and goodbye—but *he*'s mentally half-way home already.

AFTER THE FLOODS . . .

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals is one of those associations which hide their light under the traditional bushel, quietly going about their business of attending the animals brought to them for care and attention. In the recent disastrous floods, there was so much relief and rescue work going on, that few people realise quite how great a part was played by the P.D.S.A. Our pictures tell just one of the happy-ending stories which were duplicated countless times during the recent flood troubles, when the Association rescued thousands of animals of every species.

6 Glorious feeling, this belonging to someone! He's so excited, he could very nearly *fly* home. It's a wonderful world, after all!

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Medium

(Academy)

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S startling and powerful music-drama is the study of a fraudulent medium, who goes crazy with fright, and shoots to kill, when the phenomena that surround her seem to have got out of her control.

The original opera—a shorter work than the film—was shown some time ago on the London stage. As in the case of the same composer's better-known piece, *The Consul*, its popular success didn't measure up to its Press notices. This is to be understood, for Menotti is not the stuff for everyone. His style, although it combines traces of the later Puccini and the American folk-song, is unique and unconventional. It doesn't make friends easily, like an aria by Gounod or Verdi.

Menotti's subjects are tragic, but not tragic in the large, florid, heroic style. No marching armies for Menotti; no ladies scorned, no troubadours. His stories deal in the main with poor, frightened, pitiful and semi-articulate people. His musical idiom, although basically Italianate, is drawn as deliberately from the terms of everyday life as the phrases in his libretti.

To listen to a Menotti score for the first time is quite an experience. It is aching with melody, but the melody is not the kind that hits you straight on the drum of the ear. To many people it will represent an experience too painful to repeat. To some it becomes more and more fascinating as the strange, compassionate, unorthodox cadences go on and on. One thing is certain: Gian-Carlo Menotti is not a man to be taken lightly.

Nor is his film to be taken lightly. *The Medium* is a story about one Madame Flora, "spiritualistic consultant and expert in ectoplasmic phenomena," who carries on a fraudulent business behind the bead curtains of a dingy Rome tenement. Her assistants with the tambourine and the white gauze ectoplasm are a boy and girl, scarcely more than children: her daughter Monica and a dark-skinned gypsy lad named Toby, whom she has picked up in the streets of Budapest. Without her mother's knowledge, Monica has fallen in love with Toby, and tells him so, in some of the opera's most tender and artless music. Toby loves Monica, and shows it with every look and gesture. But he can't tell her so, because he is dumb.

Madame Flora has three regular clients, parents of dead children, for whom she arranges successful manifestations. But one night something happens that is no part of her schedule. A cold hand clutches at her throat in the darkness. Is it a dead hand or a living one? Panic-stricken, she breaks up the séance, tells the clients never to come back, demonstrates how she has been cheating them. Ironically, they refuse to believe her. Beyond herself with fear and rage, she turns on the dumb boy, determined to force a confession out of him. Was the hand a trick of his? Did he touch her? But he either can't, or won't, answer. He dies without ever letting her know.

The Medium, as you can see, is no bedtime story for children. In fact, it wears the X Certificate of the British Board of Censors. But its performance, if not its subject matter, is extraordinarily beautiful. I can think of few films which have given such a sense of fluency in accomplishment. It is almost impossible to believe that neither Menotti, who directed the opera himself, in Rome, nor any of the small cast he brought from America, had ever worked in a film studio before. Everything is so smooth, so exact in timing and miming, so completely cinematic.

The individual performances are superb; no lesser word will do for them. Both Marie Powers, who plays the Medium, and Lee Coleman, as the dumb gypsy, appeared in the same parts on the London stage. Miss Powers is not only a powerful tragedienne, but a considerable singer, who has worked under Toscanini at La Scala, Milan. Mr. Coleman is a mime of quite remarkable order, who was studying at Katherine Dunham's School of bodily movement in New York when he was pulled out by the composer to create the rôle of Toby in the original production.

"The truth of the matter, gentlemen, is that Joan of Arc was quite flat-chested."

Drawn by Peter Arno. *Courtesy: Robert Hale.*

Anna Maria Alberghetti, the unforgettably touching Monica, is an Italian girl. She was only thirteen years old, and singing in her first concert in New York, when Menotti heard her and took her back to her own country to make the film. As a result of her success she won a contract with Paramount, and a small part in a Bing Crosby film. Now, at fifteen, she is regarded as one of Hollywood's most promising young musical stars. You can see what they have done to her in *The Stars are Singing.*

Never Let Me Go

(Empire)

THERE is a serious and poignant picture to be made on the theme of the Russian war-wives refused a permit to accompany their husbands outside the Iron Curtain. *Never Let Me Go* is not that picture. It deals, to be sure, with the plight of such a girl, but neither the story nor the treatment—flippant, novelettish, glib and a bit untimely—seems exactly in accord with the gravity of the subject.

The film was made in England for a Hollywood company, with a majority cast of our own players and guest stars Clark Gable and Gene Tierney. Mr. Gable is an American war correspondent, who marries Miss Tierney while she is dancing the Fourth Swan in Moscow's corps-de-ballet. Forbidden to take her home to America by more conventional means, he broods over it and decides to kidnap her.

For this purpose he comes to an arrangement with Bernard Miles, who has been building ships in Cornwall, man and boy, for generations. Together with Richard Haydn, a British sergeant who has also left a wife behind in Russia, they cross the North Sea in a little boat, and reach the Baltic coast-town of Tallinn just as Miss Tierney is dancing there at the local theatre.

By a simple system of communication—it's all done by coded broadcasting—which M.I.5 must envy, they instruct the two wives to take a dip in the sea on a certain night; after which, since both girls are powerful swimmers, the rescue should be easy. Unfortunately, it doesn't work out according to plan. Miss Tierney is engaged to dance the Swan Queen at a gala performance in honour of a visiting General. Only Mr. Haydn's wife rises dripping from the drink at the appointed moment. There is nothing else for it: Mr. Gable must go ashore, disguise himself as a colonel of the Russian medical corps, and snatch his wife away under the noses of the security police and the Red Army.

It all looks very easy in *Never Let Me Go.* One could wish it were as easy in real life. The Russians are so remarkably naïve and stupid; the Western Allies so comfortingly bold and clever. The film, to give it its due, moves smoothly and fast; and Clark Gable and Bernard Miles, both forceful characters and experienced actors in their different ways, make a formidable combination. But the subject hardly seems a comfortable one as a matter of light entertainment, and I'm afraid the *balletomanes* may find themselves a bit sceptical about Gene Tierney's qualifications for the leading rôle in *Lac des Cygnes.*

Bwana Devil

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

THE illusion of stereoscopy in films is not new. At the South Bank Exhibition there were some pleasant three-dimensional sequences; and as long ago as 1936 we learnt to hold up little spectacles of blue and red mica to watch objects being thrown, dropped and pushed towards us.

Bwana Devil cannot really be classed with these experimental pieces. For the first time it offers us a full-length narrative, photographed in full colour, and it is not unduly cluttered with projectiles. It has to be viewed through polaroid glasses, which are a nuisance, and give at least a *feeling* of eyestrain. The stereoscopic effect is sharp, but the depth, instead of being continuous, seems split into levels. Great sweeps of grass and water come out best. There are many more long-shots than is customary nowadays, and this seems to diminish the size of the whole picture. By contrast, a close-up puts one less in mind of romance than of dentistry.

The story is more primitive than the technique, but with less excuse. It describes how the building of an African railroad was hampered by the activities of a pair of man-eating lions. The lions never leap, as the advertisements promise, into your lap, but they do devour no fewer than twenty-eight people in the course of the picture. The crunching of bones is briefly interrupted for a cursory love-story between Robert Stack and Barbara Britton, and a chance for Nigel Bruce to gaze at the havoc with his eyes popping three-dimensionally.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish to ignore *Bwana Devil* because it is not a good film, or to dismiss 3-D as a mere passing folly.

RITA HAYWORTH RELAXES

Lovely Columbia star Rita Hayworth, who plays the lead in the recently completed Technicolor production of *Salome*, posed for these pictures in the garden of her Hollywood home. The film capital's version of *Salome*, like most of Hollywood's treatments of historical record, deviates not a little from the original story. Miss Hayworth performs her Dance of the Seven Veils before King Herod (Charles Laughton) for the life, not the head, of the prophet (Stewart Granger). This scene, which was two months in rehearsal and took three days to shoot, takes up only five minutes of the film, which is due for release in this country in the early summer. The five actors co-starring with Miss Hayworth are all British ; apart from Charles Laughton and Stewart Granger, there are Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Sydney and Alan Badel.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

3—THE BRISTOL "401"

The Bristol "401" reviewed on this page is being inspected by Yolande Donlan, who has just opened with Naunton Wayne in a new comedy at the Vaudeville Theatre, *Red Headed Blonde*.

IT is a long time since I enjoyed 500 miles of assorted motoring so much as those I covered driving the Bristol "401." To my mind, which is not unused to considering cars of all sorts and sizes, this Bristol offers something getting as near to perfection as one may approach without untold gold and the literal building to personal specification and requirement. (Not that the amount of gold required here is slight, for at a basic price of £2000—£3112 12s. 3d. with purchase tax, curse it!—the Bristol is not everyman's car, although it is still a most satisfactory proposition.)

A glance at the photograph will do more than mere words to describe the clean-swept line of the car. This near-perfect line has been developed with the aid of wind-tunnel tests, and the result cannot but please.

Two factors come from this:—

Firstly, the amount of wind noise heard in the car even when moving at over 90 m.p.h. is negligible. On so many cars the howling gale over 60 prevents even the news being heard on the radio, and as a keen radio listener I noticed this feature quickly. Most restful.

Secondly, in dirty weather conditions, it is remarkable to pick out the lines of the airflow over the body by the tracing of the mud and water lines.

All this leads to another feature which surprised me. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about streamline for power and economy in petrol. Here it really does apply, since I averaged over 26 miles per gallon, including some fast driving and at least one run of 45 miles in 45 minutes!

The two-door body provides most ample room for four good-sized people and access to the back seats is easy. The interior trimming is in most excellent taste and quality, with comfort of a high degree. Fore-and-aft vision is splendid, too. And the flush-fitted press-button door-catches are first class. In fact, there are here some very good examples of thought being put into design. The petrol-filler is opened by simple pressure on a button in the rear arm-rest. The boot is opened by pulling a knob tucked neatly in the recess behind the centre folding arm of the rear seat. The boot is of acceptable size and proportion and the spare wheel is carried below on a drop-down shelf.

For almost the first time, I found the heating and ventilation system to work as required. So let there be no doubts about personal comfort for driver and passengers in this "401."

Now about the driving and performance. Controls call for no comment unless I can again say how nice they are to use and how well the two-spoke steering-wheel suited me, its leather-covered hand-grip spokes being restful and grand for long journeys. The four-speed synchromesh gearbox is easy to handle, and to get the best performance I found it wise to make use of this smooth change, as the performance in third gear is exhilarating, up to 70 being perfectly usable, and not, it seems, detracting from petrol economy. The provision of a free wheel in bottom gear is unusual, but typical. It certainly makes for easy manœuvring, to say the least.

The steering I found to be good and accurate, although I will comment here that it is perhaps rather dependent upon accurate tyre pressures. After three or four days, I fancied the steering was not quite as good as when I first took the car over (and I was being fussy on a fast run on rather windy roads). I had a check on pressures, and a pound or two made all the difference. That 's nothing to worry about, as it simply means that to get the best pressure you need a twice-weekly check, unless you fit the really leak-proof, non-porous inner tubes which are now available.

The engine is lively and quiet (even in a no-wind-noise car!) and for a 2-litre performs remarkably well.

The suspension, providing a stable ride for fast cornering, is pleasant. I don't think even the people who like a very soft ride could complain, although those used to soft, cushiony springs might at first think it a trifle hard. But you can't have it both ways, and I am sure this is the right ride-quality for all purposes. The jelly-like softness of a well-used, mass-produced job is a false pleasantry, soon spurned when the overall stability of better suspension has been appreciated, with virtually no cornering sway or roll and no pitch either.

The only other feature I would discuss, I almost hesitate to mention for fear that it will seem too serious a criticism, which it is far from being. I refer to the brakes. I must say I found these a little deceptive. At first I thought they were not too good (remember I was driving pretty fast on a busy road); then I discovered that if I pressed a little harder, I could stop as well as I wished. So a little lightening of the pedal pressure needed would be welcome, although I soon became quite used to what was called for. A minor matter, I assure you, but one I have to mention.

So there is the Bristol "401." I was asked by a friend, did I like the car—was it a good one? When I replied: "Yes, a fine job," came the retort: "Well, and so it should be for the money." Now that may be true, but it does not always apply, nor is it always achieved. Here it is indeed; a quite remarkable car in almost every respect and one that marries the feel and joy of a good sports car with the comfort and luxury of a first-rate family touring job with altogether excellent results.

This and That

THE recent R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain prompted me to wonder why people go in for such events. I thought I knew, but perhaps a good many may have pondered on the question. M. Gatsonides, winner at Monte Carlo, told me that while some people spend their money on drinks and others on stamp collecting, he preferred motoring. It was as simple as that!

Reg Harris, the former World Champion sprint cyclist, said he needed to forget cycling for a spell to recover from an illness and to prepare for an attempt to regain his world title, and he found a week of highly-organised motoring just the perfect relaxation! (Some 2000 miles without much sleep is a queer relaxation, but one understands full well.)

Some said they liked the company and the friendly competition with other keen motorists. But by far the greatest number of answers began (in varied turns of phrase and strength) with some like "I 'm darned if I know. . . ." But there 's no doubt it gets them, and they go time after time if they can. And I know the makers who sponsor drivers and teams feel it improves the breed and acts as a good shop window to display their wares.

* * *

Coventry keeps advancing and offering us new cars. Standard's new version of the *Vanguard* is a good looker and I am interested to learn that they will be coming out in two-colour schemes. I welcome this as I was always attracted by such contrasts in earlier times and I think they will appeal. The *Vanguard* certainly has become part of motoring in this country, and it is as familiar as anything we meet in our travels. The larger boot and the wider opening rear doors are two features of the Phase II. model which will be widely welcomed.

* * *

The racing season is upon us. I think we can expect some surprises and certainly some very good sport. For many Londoners, the re-opening of a circuit at Crystal Palace provides an opportunity to see modern racing on the doorstep. This can only result in a still further increase in the supporters of the sport. The increase in popular interest since the war has been amazing, and we have not reached the zenith yet by any means. But I like to hope that truly popular interest will not bring betting to motor-race meetings on any scale, if at all. There are too many issues involved to make it merely the subject of a gamble, and it is to be hoped that promoters will be satisfied with such crowds as can be drawn for the spectacle and thrill and interest in car racing alone.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

A lovely dress of ivory silk net, embroidered with silver leaves, over silver lamé. The bodice is moulded tightly, with fitting sleeves and a high, round neck. The skirt falls fully from a satin ribbon sash, flowing into a train. The dress is by Angèle Delanghe, at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly, and the flowers are from Fortnum's Flower Department.

WEDDING BELLS

Any heart, however cold, is surely always moved a little by the sight of a young bride drifting down the aisle in a cloud of white. The wedding may be in a cathedral, or in a quiet, country church. The dress may be fabulously priced, or have been run-up by the little woman round the corner. No matter. This is the bride's moment, and a moment of beauty.

(Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.)

The Wedding Guest

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

WEDDING BELLS

For a really young bride (*above*) here is an enchanting dress in white organdie, embroidered and frilled. The shawl-shaped top is a little jacket which is removable for dancing in later days. A frilled train gives a Victorian line to the skirt. From the Model Gown Department, Peter Jones, Sloane Square. The flowers are by the Flower Shop, Berkeley Street.

For a wedding guest, or to be worn on many other occasions, is this subtly simple dress by Sylvia Mills, in grey silk, needle-run with white, with white cuffs and belt. This may be found at Rocha, Grafton Street. The large black flattering straw-lace hat is from Margot Carron, Maddox Street.

The small bridesmaid wears striped nylon, buttoning from collar to waist with tiny pearl buttons. A velvet sash completes the demure picture. This Horrockses' Pirouette dress, ideally suitable for parties, is available at John Lewis, Oxford Street. The posy is from the Flower Shop, Berkeley Street.

The Bridesmaid

A stately bride in white, gleaming satin, bedecked with pleated net, ruched satin and orange-blossom. The sleeves and shoulders are covered with a tiny jacket, which when removed transforms the bridal dress into a beautiful ball gown. This dress is one from a wide range of wedding dresses by Mercia of 10, Cavendish Place.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A classic bridal dress in white brocaded satin with shaped train and deep, buckled belt. Very reasonably priced at about £14, this dress, by Roecliff and Chapman, is obtainable from Hunts of Bond Street ; Watt Bros., Glasgow ; Bon Marché, Liverpool ; and County Clothes, Cheltenham. The bouquet is from the Flower Shop, Berkeley Street.

The bridegroom's clothes on these pages are by Moss Bros., King Street. Incidentally, many women are not aware that Moss Bros. have an excellent Ladies' Hire Service, including a Wedding-dress Department, which seems to solve the problem that many women have of wanting numerous dresses for a busy social life, and not wishing to spend money on a large wardrobe.

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SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

I WELL remember my parents' efforts to instil the idea of saving money into their children. It always seemed a losing battle. For one thing, our pocket-money just about provided us with the bare sweets of life (or so we thought). However, at one juncture we all five had a bank savings-box each. Once the money had clanged into the dark, steel interior it could only be recalled by a visit to the bank where the master key was held in safe custody. All went well until the manager implored our parents to put a brake on our visits, and it then came to light that in the course of one week the key had had to be produced no fewer than twelve times for members of the family bent not on saving but retrieving savings!

Despite my early sufferings I do make an effort to get my own children to save, and I am pleased to have found a savings-box designed to encourage this laudable endeavour. The safe is bound in washable scarlet, white or royal-blue rexine, and is in the form of a book. It has a key (held by Mamma), and, best of all, the coins are gripped in such a way that they cannot be fished out with the blade of a knife or any other device!

* * *

It is good news that Formica, that decorative, hard-wearing and easy to clean laminated plastic—previously only obtainable in complete furniture—can now be bought in cut panels of varying sizes to fit one's own kitchen-table. It can be had in two forms, either as a sheet for fixing to tables with smooth surfaces, or ready-bonded to plywood for fitting on to older, worn surfaces. Both the bonded and unbonded panels are easily fitted.

* * *

There seem to be two schools of thought about rubber gloves—the first, of people who feel that they couldn't cope with work in the house and garden without them, and the other of those who feel they couldn't do any job properly *with* them. A glove now in the shops might well convert those in the second category, because they are really comfortable to wear and slip on and off easily. They have long gauntlets, and a special roughened surface so that even in greasy and soapy water, dishes won't slip from the grasp.

* * *

I am always surprised by people who think that those who live in London, or other large cities, are automatically cut off from all the pleasures of the countryside. Until recently we kept bees successfully in the heart of darkest Kensington. Wild birds seem tamer in London than in the country and a bird-feeder can provide hours of pleasure for birds and watcher alike. A type of feeder I have recently come across can be fixed to a small bar on the lintel of a window. Food is placed inside a wire receptacle and water in a container above it.

* * *

My tail-piece is a cloth which is quite invaluable for removing those fingermarks on furniture which seem to appear from nowhere. This cloth is impregnated with a special wax solution so that it cleans and polishes in one operation. If you keep the cloth clean and don't use it as a duster, it will last for months.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Coronation Home Safe: 7s. 6d.; at Harrods, Barkers, etc. Formica panels made by Thomas De La Rue and Co., Ltd.: unbonded panels, from 33s. to 66s. according to size, and bonded panels rather more; at Selfridges, John Lewis and leading ironmongers. London "Suregrip" housewear gloves: 3s. 3d. a pair; leading stores and chemists, etc. Wild Bird Feeders: 14s., including postage and packing, from Bird Feeders, 1, King's Avenue, Paignton, Devon. "Simpol" furniture polishing cloth: 2s. 11d.; John Lewis, Bentalls, etc.

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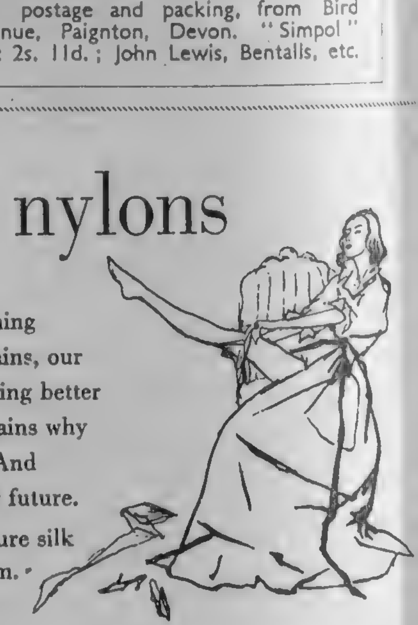
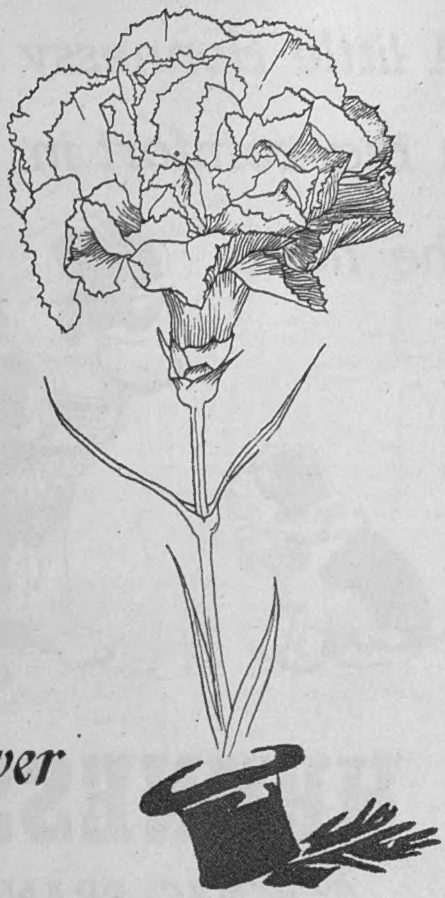
★ Just one exception: a few pairs of pure silk stockings for those who still prefer them.





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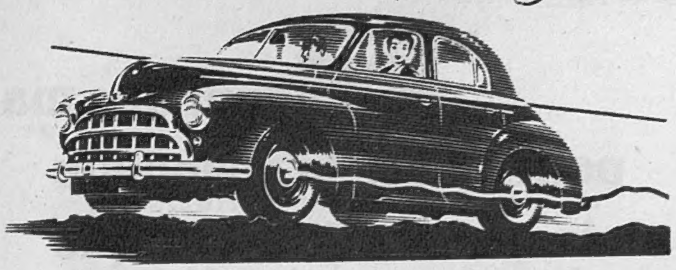

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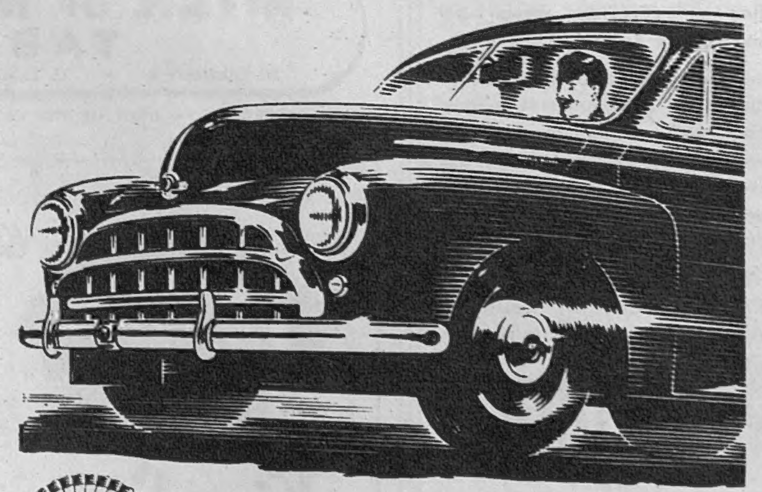

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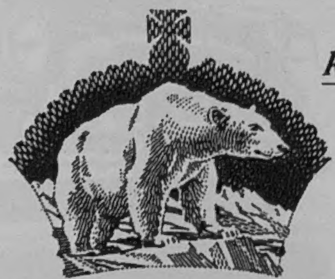

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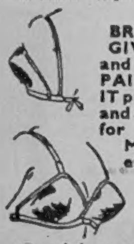

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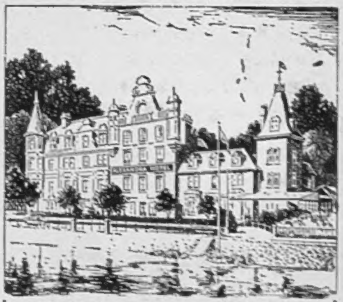

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